

## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

BY T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this, its thirteenth year, it can, with truth, claim to be the oldest, and best newspaper in the Territory.

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 All work warranted.

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 Cash Paid for Valuable Specimens.

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 NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE PLAZA.  
 With meat prepared to furnish the people of Prescott and vicinity with excellent Beef, Mutton, Pork, Whiskered and small, at fair, living prices.  
 C. F. ROGERS & CO.  
 Prescott, July 8, 1876

## PRESCOTT.

### WM. M. BUFFUM

Still Occupies the Old Stand, West Side of the Plaza.

Prescott, Arizona,

And is in receipt of a Large Invoice of

New and Desirable Goods,

With others Ordered and on the Way.

His customers and the public generally can there find as heretofore, anything they may need in the way of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

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PAPER HANGINGS, LAMPS, CLOCKS,

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 Prescott, June 17, 1875.

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EVERY VARIETY OF MERCHANDISE.

Have constantly on hand that superior brand

"FAMILY FLOUR,"

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Superfine Flour,

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Are now receiving a large assortment of

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FOR SALE LOW FOR CASH.

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Of all kinds, and a general assortment of

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## THE SUN-LIT ISLE OF SWEET EVENING.

[BY CASSIUS C. GILLES, COMPANY "K," 6TH CAVALRY.]

I remember often thy sunny land,  
 Where the rose is fair and the zephyrs bland;  
 Where the breeze grows rank with the rich perfume  
 Which it robs from the island flowers in bloom;  
 Where it toys with thy crimson blossoms rare  
 That exhale their bloom in the fragrant air:—  
 For naught compares, in the waters blue,  
 With thy sun-lit Isle, sweet Evening.

I remember, too, what a heavenly calm  
 Would so often steal through the groves of palm;  
 What delightful sights would awaken joy;  
 What delicious fruit would tempt the eye.  
 How I've under the cocoa's branches laid;  
 How I've feasted rare in its tropic shade;  
 How I've dined upon golden fruit which grew  
 In thy sun-lit Isle, sweet Evening.

And, how, when oft in the month of June,  
 On thy silvery shore, 'neath the pale-faced moon,  
 O'er the silent deep I have gazed afar,  
 And attuned my songs to the light guitar,  
 While thought conjured from the ocean caves—  
 Those mythic Peris—beneath the waves,  
 And the stars gleamed forth in their bright hue  
 O'er thy sun-lit Isle, sweet Evening.

When the orient morn, with its gates ajar,  
 Sent its herald forth in the signal star,  
 Then the peerless face of the planet shone  
 As it only shines in the sun-lit zone;  
 While the main song of the maiden fair,  
 As it sounded forth in the morning air,  
 Mixed its dulcet strains with that wondrous new  
 Of thy sun-lit Isle, sweet Evening.

Oh, enchanted Isle! with your orange groves,  
 With your varied flowers, which the heart so loves,  
 With your sandy beach, and your white sea-foam,  
 And your far-off ships which the ocean roam,  
 That come and go in their canvas white,  
 And appear like the phantom shades of night  
 In the distance dim, as they pass in view  
 By the sun-lit Isle, sweet Evening!

Letter From Verde.

CAMP VERDE, A. T., May 8th, 1876.

EDITOR MINER:—As the Miner has contained no Verde news lately, perhaps a few items will not be unappreciated.

The telegraph office has been moved into the center of the laundress row. The Operator is getting a sign painted with the following poetry: Washing and ironing done instantaneously through the medium of the telegraph.

The operator is in hopes that his office will be closed immediately on the return of Lieutenant Philip Reade Superintendent U. S. Military Telegraph and that he will be sent to Prescott or to some other point where an Operator is appreciated.

The Post garden is progressing nicely under supervision of Billy Breed.

Lieutenant Hyde by his careful management has got the water works in running order and the reservoir that was constructed under his supervision is certainly an ornament to the post.

The weather has passed through many vicissitudes during the past month. Firstly, it was very pleasant, and the ranchers might be seen busily occupied with their various duties tilling the soil, sowing their small grain, etc. Secondly, we were blessed with a light shower, with considerable commotion of electrical bodies and an occasional wind storm but there came a change, our mild spring weather disappeared, (as did "Cushman's" moustache). Poor Charles, you have our heart felt sympathy in this disastrous event, for have we not cultivated and cherished with? But why describe? We would whisper a word of counsel in your ear. Pay no heed whatever to any ironical expression from an absolute old widow, sister or relative; but cultivate with tenderness and perseverance that upper lip, and we think you will obtain a production of great multiplicity. I beg pardon, reader, for wandering so far from my former subject. I fear I cannot retrace my way back, so leave you to conjecture the rest I would have said.

Thermometer on 25th April remained placidly at 92 degrees for three hours.

Company E, commanded by Lieutenant Smith returned from San Carlos last Sunday.

This is a bright, mild and genial day, a frail sunshine glimmering through the thin blue mist hanging over the River.

QUILL DRIVER.

CONDITION OF THE BLACK HILLS COUNTRY.—General Sherman writes to a friend in San Francisco as follows:

I think you misapprehend the condition of things in the Black Hills. Part of them are inside the Indian Reservation and part outside. To this latter will go many adventures this Summer, to come away sadly disappointed; for the diggings are poor, and provisions will be high, as they must be hauled 300 miles from the railroad. General Crook will not be there at all. He is now off on a hunting campaign against Sitting Bull's band of the Sioux. General Crook nor one can offer the least promise of protection to the miners and prospectors.

The mining district lies in the Military Department commanded by General Terry—who is at St. Paul, Minnesota, unless you have a couple of thousand dollars to waste, it would be folly for you to go from California to the Black Hills of Dakota in search for gold. All the profits will be made at Cheyenne in the "outfits."

On the summit of Pike's Peak, over 14,000 feet above the sea level, where there is not a trace of any vegetation, or, indeed, any earth upon which shrubs or grass could grow, the mountain rat, twice as large as the Norway rat, abounds in vast numbers, overrunning the United States signal station on the apex of the mountain.

Bed bugs defy all rules of propriety, all recipes for their prevention, and can only be overcome by single combat.

## LETTER FROM LITTLE COLORADO.

ST. JOHNS, A. T., April 10, 1876.

EDITOR MINER:—In a private letter dated, Washington, March 5th, 1876, our Delegate, Hon. H. S. Stevens, says: "The mail route has been favorably reported upon, and I am inclined to think there will be no difficulty in getting the route established."

I hope also, to be able to get service on the proposed route at once." It is the hope and wish of a great many people that he may, and there is no question but there is urgent need of the route. By next Fall, the population of this section will have doubled itself. Some ten days ago, 40 Mormon families arrived and located themselves on the Colorado Chiquito, at the mouth of the Solo, some 65 or 70 miles below this place.

They report 60 more families en route; all of whom are prepared to put in crops and to make permanent homes in our Territory. From indications they appear to be a very desirable addition to our population. A party of them were up the river, near Cooley's and Clark's, looking out a mill-site, and say they intend the coming Fall to erect a steam-sawmill, with burrs attached for grinding wheat and corn. The "remote district" mill will be heard from ere long; and should that Eastern party arrive this Summer, our population will amount to "some pumpkins, you-bet-cher."

The Round Valley or Milligan settlement are doing finely, and as the farmers here have contracted with a certain party in New Mexico all the barley they can raise, they will put in "whopping" crops this year. These people are looking anxiously for our mail route, and say, if we get it, they will run a private weekly express for their own benefit to St. Johns and back; distance, 35 miles.

St. Johns is now beginning to present the appearance of a full-fledged town, there being, by actual count, 17 houses, some containing two or more families, including three small stores. Several parties contemplate building this Summer, your correspondent being one of the "several." Senior Don Marcos Raca y Padilla has erected and is running a "molino" for wheat and corn. This "molino" is truly an interesting curiosity to ye uninitiated; at least it so proved to Lieut. Johnson, who appeared to be much struck with the rapidity with which the "molino" would seize hold of a grain of corn and tear it all to shinders in a jiffy.

Last Monday, a party of three soldiers deserted, taking three of the best horses at the Post, and attempted to make their way to the Rio Grande. Major Ogilby (he sends his compliments to the MINER) accompanied by Lieut. Johnson, Chas. Du Pont, the interpreter at the Post, and a driver—Mr. Gotes,—started in pursuit as soon as notified of the fact. The Major's party arrived here just 22 hours behind the deserters, and as soon as possible dispatched a "Mexicano caballo" on the trail. The party of runaways were captured near the "Malpassi," and all returned here for the night, to take part in a grand baile, a la nativo, which was kept up until 5 o'clock in the morning.

During the whole night, *vento del pais* flowed as freely as does the waters of the Rio Colorado. You can imagine the condition in the morning of a majority of ye festive youths who drank much wine but made more love; and for all their pains, what was their gain? *Las puras eloboras.*

Joseph's brethren will have no trouble to buy all the grain they want from the farmers of the Colorado Chiquito and its tributaries, as there will be double the amount of grain sown this year over last year's sowing. Let 'em come.

Herds of sheep still continue to come in from New Mexico, looking for better pasturage than that in the latter Territory.

Mr. Jesus Luna arrived a few days ago with two large mule teams and 40 men. This gentleman owns immense numbers of sheep; also a Mr. Figil, from Sacarra, N. M., brought several thousand into the Territory a few days ago. All in all, the Colorado precinct is looking up, and in a short time it will be a most important integral part of Yavapai County. *Con muchos soldados, yo voy su amigo, y serido.*

C. A. FRANKLIN.

P. S.: I have the honor (?) to be the "Alcalde" or *Ines del Pas* of this precinct.

C. A. F.

A letter from Camp Apache dated April 18th, details too minutely to suit our space the attack of Diabolo on that Camp several months ago. Had our correspondent written while the circumstances were fresh and seasonable, we should have published his communication notwithstanding he pokes a little fun at those in command. The chief object in writing now seems to be to complain of the action of the authorities in releasing the Indian soldiers, who are regularly enlisted and receive the same pay and allowances as white soldiers, while the latter had been guilty of similar offences they would have been imprisoned for life or perhaps shot whereas five of the Indian scouts who gave themselves up have recently been tried by Court martial and three of them released and returned to duty.

Our correspondent, who signs himself "Old Fogey," wants to know if Mrs. Belknap is still keeping up prices at the Post trader stores.

The mountains are on fire to the south and west of us. Much valuable timber is being destroyed.

## LETTER FROM CAMP McDOWELL.

EDITOR MINER:—Since my last writing

Maj. Maindier has paid the troops of this Garrison—somewhat earlier than usual, but nevertheless he was welcome in the eyes of Uncle Sam's boys. Of course we all took a drop, in honor of the occasion, of John Smith's "long range." A soldier's pay is not much to say the least of it, consequently it soon finds its home in the till of the Post-Trader or some other vender. This has been, as is usually the case, a quiet payday; some, of course, getting a "drop" too much. At this writing, all is serene and we find ourselves moving on in the same old channel, Macawber like, waiting for something to turn up.

Thermometer ranges from 100 to 107,—warm enough; but persons here longer than I, say this is only a beginning; if so, I hardly know what will be the ending.

The engine I spoke of in my last is now in working order, from which we are now furnished water from hydrants. The Commanding Officer has had young cotton-wood trees planted around the Parade Ground, which are watered from the tanks. Some improvements are going on in the Garrison—shingle roofs taking the place of dirt roofs.

We want a telegraph line, so we can hear what our neighbors are doing.

Lieut. H. P. Kingsbury has arrived safely at home, killing on the road between this and Fort Whipple one of the largest black-tail deer that has ever been seen in this Garrison.

Our Garrison school is doing well under the directions of Prof. Troyer—some 12 or 15 scholars, mostly laundress' children.

"K" company has one of the finest string bands to be found in the Army, in which Corporal Fisher is leader.

I would here mention, that a good artist would do a good business with us, as some of us would like to see our face on paper.

More anon, "CLAUDE."  
 Camp McDowell, A. T., May, 3d, 1876.

DEATH OF W. H. RHODES.—Among our intimate acquaintances and personal friends of former years we count almost a score who have passed away from earth within the few months that have elapsed since we left California last year to become a resident of Arizona. Some of these were plain people who made no particular noise in the world beyond a narrow circle of friends who knew and appreciated their honest worth, while others had risen to distinction as men of letters or in the learned professions. William H. Rhodes, who died in San Francisco on the 14th of April, was of the latter class, being a lawyer of fair ability, but in the field of letters he excelled, and as inventor of amusing theories and humorous sensations had no equal on the Coast. Many will remember his story of Summerfield who had discovered a chemical composition by which the Ocean could be set on fire, and that of the man who had invented a process for making gold out of base metals at a few cents per pound, as well as a secret service association of nations and their success in tapping the Molten water which constitutes the center of the earth.

It was a matter of pastime with him to write such fanciful sketches of those, while in his more practical mood his mind grasped almost any subject of political or literary concern with great clearness. He was author of a theory of earthquakes and indulged in curious speculations on almost every question that came up before him.

In 1856 and 1857 he was Private Secretary to Governor J. Neely Johnson and afterwards practiced law for several years in Red Bluff, then in Virginia, Nevada, where he edited a paper called the Constitution and finally returned to San Francisco where he resided until the time of his death. He was a native of North Carolina, and was 53 years of age.

THE MORMONS ON LITTLE COLORADO.—A member of the colony of Latter day Saints located at Sunset Crossing writes us that there will be four settlements of this Colony on this river, embracing several hundred people and a postoffice is one of their most urgent necessities. We think a petition signed by the people and forwarded to Postal Agent, Charles Adams, at Denver, Colorado, who has charge of Postal matter in Arizona, would insure the establishment of offices at such points along the Prescott and Santa Fe route as the necessities of the people require. Mr. Adams, who was here last fall to fix up the Giles matter, is a very efficient agent and will do all in his power to give the settlers proper mail accommodations when he is apprised of their wants.

A hoosier Congressman named Springer, thought to make himself conspicuous by seizing upon the popular maina for investigation, and inaugurated an inquiry into certain acts of Indiana politicians during the war. At last accounts he himself was likely to get into trouble as the biggest rogue of them all. The investigator is now being investigated and like the man who went out to shear is likely to come home shorn.

GILDED PLATINUM.—Counterfeit \$5 dollar pieces so neatly executed as to deceive bankers and mint officers have appeared in New York, Washington and San Francisco. Those in the East came from Peru, and those in San Francisco, from Panama. When cut they proved to be pure platinum gilded with gold. The Chronicle says they are not manufactured on this Coast as indicated in an Eastern dispatch.

## A. T. STEWART.

A brief sketch of his life.

Mr. Stewart was born in Belfast, about the year 1808, of Scotch-Irish parents. When quite a child his parents died and a Quaker was appointed his guardian, who gave him a liberal education in King's College, Dublin. At